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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Youth

Date of Earliest Known Edition, after 1528

Date of the Original of this Edition, c. 1560–2

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

Youth

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Youth

[*c.* 1560–2]

Issued for Subscribers by

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A. 224728

Youth

This facsimile of the "Copland edition" of "Youth" is taken from a copy, presumably unique, now in the British Museum (Press-mark, C 34, e. 38, *dated in Cat. "[1562 ?]"). A copy of a presumably earlier edition, printed by John Waley (? 1557), is also in the same collection (Press-mark,* C 34, b. 24) ; *another copy is in the Bodleian, whilst "the Irish find" of* 1906 *unearthed another example of this "Waley impression." These, as far as at present known, exhaust the number of copies extant. A fragment, undoubtedly of a different edition to either of these two, is in the Library of Lambeth Palace, consisting of four leaves. A "waste" or unbound sheet of "Youth" was found in the binding of another book; but it had, unfortunately, been "cut to size," so that some of the edges are mutilated, to the loss of parts of the text. Happily it is the first section of the book, as a different set of "stock blocks" are exhibited on the title page. The relation of these three differing editions to one another, and probably to others not now extant, will be set forth in the facsimile reprints of the "Waley edition" and the "Lambeth fragment" now in preparation for this series.*

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the MS. Department of the British Museum, on examination of this facsimile reprint, reports that "the photos are admirable again . . . on the whole this edition,

which is rather badly and irregularly printed in the original, is excellently reproduced." Mr. Herbert's special points of criticism are :—

(1) *Title page, in a line with the word "*Enterlude,*" near the right-hand margin, "H xxxiii" is pencilled in the original.*

(2) B. ii, recto, *the signature, together with the catch-word "*youthe,*" is smudgy compared with the original.*

(3) B. iii, recto, *the spot over "*lady*" at top of page is not in original.*

(4) B. iii, verso, "Ryot," *twelve lines from bottom of page, is too smudgy.*

(5) C. ii, verso, *the two dots over the "*R*" of "*Ryot,*" four lines from the top of this page, are not in original.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

The Enterlude

of Youth.

JEsu that his armes dyd spreade
And on a tree was done to dead
From all perils he you defende
I desire audiece til I haue made an ende
For I am come from God aboue
To occupie his lawes to your behoue
And am named Charitie
There maye no man saued be
Without the helpe of me
For he that Charitie doth refuse
Other vertues though he do vse
Without Charitie it wyll not be
For it is written in the faithe

BRITISH MUSEUM

Qui manet in charitate in deo manet
I am the gate I tell the
Of heauen that ioiful cytie
Ther maie no man thider come
But of charyty he must haue some
Or he may not come thois
Unto heauen the citie of blysse
therfore charitie who will him take
A pure soule it wil him make
Before the face of God
In the. A. B. C. of bokes the least
Yet is writen deus charitas est
Lo charitie is a great thinge
Of all vertues it is the kinge
Whan God in earth was here liuinge
Of chariti he found none endinge
I was planted in his hart
We two might not departe
Out of his harte I did springe
throughe the might of the heauē king
And all pryestes that be
Maie not lyue without charitye
And charitey to them they do not take
they may not receiue him that did them make
And all this worlde of noughte

✤ youth.

A backe felowes and giue me roume
Or I shall make you to auoyde sone
I am goodlye of persone
I am pereles where euer I come
My name is youth I tell the
I florysh as the vine tre
Who may be likened vnto me
In my youthe and Jolitye

My hearre is royall and bushed thicke
My body plyaunt as a hasel styck
Myne armes be bothe fayre and strong
My fingers be both faire and longe
My chest bigge as a tunne
My legges be full lighte for to runne
To hoppe and daunce and make mery
By the masse I recke not a chery
What so euer I do
I am the heyre of my fathers lande
And it is come into my hande
I care for no more
Are you so disposed to doo — Charite
To folowe vice and let vertue go
Ye lie euen so — youthe.
For nowe a dayes he is not set by
Without he be vnthrifteye
You had nede to aske God mercye — Charite
Why do you so praise your body
Why knaue what is that to the — youthe.
Wilt thou let me to prayse my body
Whi shuld I not praise it & it be goodli
I will not let for the
What shal it be whan thou shalt flyt — Charite
For the wealth into the pyt
Therfore of it be not to boolde
Least thou for think it whan ỳ art old
Ye maye be lykened to a tre
In youth floryshyng with royallte
And in age it is cut downe
And to the fyre is throwne
So shalt thou but thou amende
Be burned in hel without ende
Ye horson trowest thou so — A.ii. — youthe.

Be ware leaste thou thyder go
Hence caytife go thi way
Or with my dagger I shal the slay
Hens knaue out of this place
Or I shal lay the on the face
Sayest thou that I shal go to hel
Forever more there to dwel
I had leuer thou had euyll fare

Charite (A yet syr do by my rede
And aske mercy for thy misdede
And thou shalt be an herytoure of blysse
Where al loye and myrthe is
Where thou shal se a glorius syght
Of aungeles singing with saintes bright
Before the face of God

Youthe. (What syrs aboue the sky
I had nede of a ladder to climbe so hye
But what and the ladder slyppe
Than I am deceyued yet
And if I fal I catche a quecke
I may fortune to breke my necke
And that loynte is yll to set

Charite Nay nay not so
(O yet remember cal to thi minde
The mercy of God passeth al thyng
For it is wryten by noble clerkes
The mercye of God passeth all werkes
That witnesseth holy scrypture sainge thus
Miseratio domini super omnia opera eius
Therfore doute not goddes grace
Ther of is plenty in euery place

Youthe. (What me thynke ye be clerkyshe
For ye speake good gibbrysshe
Syr I pray you and you haue any flore

Soyle me a question or ye caste out any more
Least whan your connynge is all done
My question haue no soluciou
Syr and it please you this
Whi do mē eate musterd with saltfishe
Sir I praie you soile me this quistion
That I haue put to your deserecyon
¶ Thus question is but vanitie — Charite
Yt longeth not to me
Suche questions to assoyle
¶ Sir by god that me dere bought — youthe.
I se your conninge is litell or noughte
And I wuld folowe your scole
Sone ye wold make a fole
Therfore crake no longer here
Least I take you on the eare
And make your head to ake
Sir it falleth not for me to fighte — Charite
Nether by day ne be night
therfore do my coursaile I saye
Than to heuē thou shalt haue the wat
✤ No syr I thinke ye will not fighte — youthe.
But to take a mans purs in the night
Ye will not sai nay
For suche holy caitifes
Were wonte to be theues
And such wolde be hanged as hye
As a man may se with his eye
In faith this same is true
¶ God saue euery christen body — Charite
From such euell destenye
And sende vs of his grace
In heuen to haue a place
¶ Nay nay I warrant the — youthe.

He hathe no place for the
Weneth thou he wyll haue suche fooles
To syt on his gaie stooles
Naie I warrant the naye

Humily Well sir I put me in goddes wyll
Whether he wyll me saue or spyll
And sir I pray you do so
And truste in god what so euer ye do

youthe. Sir I praye the holde thy peace
And talke to me of no goodnes
And soone loke thou go thy waye
Lesse with my dagger I the slaie
In faithe if thou meue my harte
Thou shalte be wearie of thy parte
Or thou and I haue done

Charite Thynke what God suffered for the
His armes to be spyred vpon a tree
A knight with a speare opened his syd
In his harte appeared a wounde wid
That bought both you and me

youthe. Goddes faste what is that to me
Thou dawe wylte thou rede me
In my youth to lose my toylitie
Hence knaue and go thy waye
Or wyth my dagger I shall the slaye

Charite O sir heare what I you tell,
And be ruled of my counsell
That ye might syt in heuen hye
With God and his company

Youthe. A yet of God thou wilte not ceasse
Tyll I fyght in good earnesse
On my fayth I tell the true
If I fyghte thou wylte it rue
All the dayes of thy lyfe.

Syr I se it wyll none otherwise be — Charite
I will go to my brother Humilitie
And take good counsayle of him
Howe it is best to be do therin
ye mary syre I pray you of that — youthe.
Me thinke it were a good sight of your backe
I wolde se your heles hither
And your brother and you together
Fettred fine fast
I wis and I had the kay
ye shulde singe wel away
Or I let you lose
Fare well my maysters euerychone — Charite
I wyll come againe anone
And tel you howe I haue done
And thou come hither againe — youthe.
I wyll send ꝑ hers in the dryels nam
What nowe, I maye haue my space
To iet here in this place
Before I might not stere
Whan the churle charitie was here
But nowe amonge al this chere
I wold I had som company here
I wis mi brother Riot wold helpe me
For to beate charytye
And his brother to.
Huffa, huffa who calleth after me — Ryot.
I am Riot sul iolite
My heart as light as the wynde
And all on Riot is mi minde
where so euer I go
But wote ye what I do here
To seeke youth my compere
Faine of him I wolde haue a sight

But my lyppes hange in my lyght
Godspede master youth by my fate

youthe Welcom Ryot in the deuels waye
Who brought the hither to day

Ryot That dyd my legges I tell the
Me thought thou dyd me call
And I am com now here
To make roiall chere
And tell the how I haue done

youthe What I wende thou hadst ben henged
But I se thou arte escaped
For it was tolde me heere
You toke a man on the eare
That his purse in your bosome did flie
And so in Newegate ye dyd lye

Ryot So it was I bethrewe your pate
I come lately from Newgate
But I am as readie to make good chere
As he that neuer came there
For and I haue spendyng
I wyll make as mery as a kinge
And care not what I do
For I wyll not lie longe in prison
But wyll get forthe soone
For I haue learned a policie
That wyll lose me lyghtlie
And soone let me go

youth. I loue well thy discrescion
For thou arte all of one condicyon
Thou arte stable and stediast of mynde
And not chaungable as the wynde
But sir I praie you at the leaste
Tell me more of that iesse
That thou tolde me ryght nowe

Moreouer I shall tell the
The mayre of London sent for me
Forth of Newgate for to com
For to preche at Tyborne.
By our Lady he did promote the — youthe.
To make the preche at the galowe tre
But syr how diddest thou scape
Verely syr the rope brake — Ryot
And so I fell to the ground
And ran away safe and sound
By the way I met with a courtiers lad
And twenty nobls of gold in his purs he had
I tore the ladde on the eare
Besyde his horse I felled hym there
I toke his purs in my haude
And twenty nobles therin I fande
Lorde howe I was mery.
Godds fote thou diddest ynoughe there — youthe.
For to be made knyght of the colere.
Ye syr I truste to God all myght — Ryot
At the next cessions to be dubbed a knight
Now syr by this light. — youthe.
That wolde I fayne se
And I plight the to God me saue
That a surer colere thou shalt haue
And because gold colers be so good chepe
Unto the roper I shal speke
To make the one of a good price
And that shalbe of warrantyse.
Youth I pray the haue a doo — Ryot.
And to the tauerne let vs go
And we will drynke deuers wine
And the cost shal be mine
Thou shalt not pay one peny twis

Yet thou shalt haue a wenche to kysse
whan so euer thou wilte

youthe. Mary Riot I thanke the
That thou wylt be stowe it on me
And for thi pleasure so be it
I woid not charity shuld vs mete
And turne vs agayne
For rygh̃t nowe he was with me
And said he wolde go to Humilitie
And come to me againe

Ryot. Let him come if he will
He were better to bide still
And he gyue the croked langage
I will laye him on the visage
And that thou shalt se sone
Howe lightly it shall be doone
And he will not be ruled with knockes
We shall set him in the stockes
To heale his fore shinnes

youthe. I shall helpe the if I can
To dryue a waye that hang man
Herke Riot thou shalt vnderstande
I am heyre of my fathers land
And nowe they be come to my hand
Me thynke it were best therfore
That I had one man more
To waite me vpon

Ryot. I can spede the of a seruaũte of price
That wil do the good seruice
I se him go here be side
Some men call him mayster Pride
I sweare by God in Trinitie
I wyll go fetche him vnto the
And that euen anone

Hye the apace and come a gayne — youthe
And bringe with the that noble swayne
Lo mayster youth here he is — Hyot.
A prety man and a wyse
He will be glad to do you seruyce
In al that euer he may
Welcome to me good fellowe — youthe
I prai the whence commest thou
And thou wilt my seruaunt be
I shall geue the golde and fee
Syr I am content iwis — Pryde.
To do you any seruis
That euer I can do
By likelyhod thou shulde do well ynowe — Youthe.
Thou art alykely felowe
Yes syr I warrant you — Pryde
Yf ye will be rulde by me
I shall you bringe to hye degre
What shall I do tell me — youthe.
And I wyll be ruled by the
Mary I shall tell you — Pryde.
Considre ye haue good ynowe
And think ye come of noble kinde
Aboue all men exalte thy minde
Put downe the poze and set nought by them
Be in company with gentel men
Jette vp and downe in the waye
And your clothes loke they be gaye
The pretye wenches wyll saie than
Yonder goeth a gentelmen
And euery poze felowe that goeth you by
Will do of his cap and make you curteisie
In faith this is true
Sir I thanke the by the roode — W.st. youthe.

for thi counsell that is so good
And I commit me euen nowe
Under the techynge of Ryot and you

Ryot ¶ Lo youth I tolde you
That he was a lastye felowe

youthe ¶ Mary syr I thanke the
That you wolde bringe him vnto me

Pryde. ¶ Syr it were expedyente that ye had a wife
To liue with her all youre life

Ryot ❧ A wife nay nay for God auowe
He shall haue flesche inoughe
For by God that me dere boughe
Ouer muche of one thinge is nought
The deuyl said he had leuer burne al his life
than ones for to take a wife
Therfore I saie so god me saue
He shall no wife haue
thou haste a sister fair and fre
I knowe well his lemman she will be
therfore I wolde she were here
that we might go and make good chere
At the wine some where

youthe ¶ I pray you hither thou do her bringe
For she is to my likinge

Pryde ¶ Syr I shall do my diligence
To bringe her to your presence

Youthe. ¶ Hye the apace and come agayn
To haue a sight I wolde be faine
Of that Lady fre

ryot ¶ Syr in faith I shall tell you true
She is a freshe and fayre of hue
And verye proyre pf bodie
Men call her Lady Lechery

Youthe. ¶ My herte burneth by God of myght

Till of that lady I haue a syghe
Intret superbis cũ luxuria et dicat superbia Pryde
Syr I haue fulfilled your entent
And haue brought you in this present
that you haue sent me fore
Thou art a redy messenger youthe.
Come hither to me my herte so dere
ye be welcome to me as the hert in my body
Sir I thanke you ād at your pleasure I am Lechery
ye be the same vnto me
Maisters wyll ye to tauerne walke youthe.
A worde with you there will I talke
And giue you the wine
Gentle man I thanke you verely Lechery
And I am all redye
to waite you vpon
What sister lecherye Ryot.
ye be welcome to our companie
Well wanton well, fye for shame Lechery
So sone ye do crypesse me name
what if no man shuld haue knowne
I wis I shal you bete, well wanton well
Aiytell pretye nyfet Ryot.
Ye be well nise God wote
ye be aiytell prety pie, iwis ye go ful gingerie
wel I se your false eye Lechery
winketh on me full wantonly
ye be full wanton iwis
Pride I thanke you of your laboure youthe.
That you had to fetch this fayre floure
Lo youth I tolde the Pryde.
that I wolde bringe her with me
Sir I pray you tell me nowe
Howe doth she like you

Youthe. Merely wel she pleased me
For she is courteis gentyll and fee
Howe do you fayre Ladye
Howe fare you tell me
Lecheri Syr if it please you, I do well ynowe
And the better that you wyl wite
Youthe. Riot I wolde be at the tauerne fayne
Least charitie vs mete and turne vs againe
Than wold I be sory because of this farie ladi
Ryot. Let vs go agayne be time
That we maye be at the wyne
Or euer that he come
Pryde. Hie the apace and go we hence
We will let for none expence
Youthe. Now we wil fil the cup and make good cher
I trust I haue a noble here
Herke sirs for God almighte
Herest thou not howe they light
In fayth we shall them part
Yf there be any wine to sell
They shall no longer together dwell
No than I be shrewe my herte
Ryot. No syr so mote I the
Let not thy seruantes fight within ?
For it is a carefull lyfe
Euermore to liue in strife
Therefore if ye wil be ruled by mi tale
We will go to the ale
And se howe we can do
I trust to God that sitteth on hye
To lese that lytell companye
Within an houre or two
Pryde. Now let vs goo for goddes sake
And se howe merye we can make

Now lette vs go apace — Ryot.
And I belaft there I be wrewe my face
Nowe let vs go that we were there — youthe.
To make this Ladye some chere
Verelye syr I thanke the — Lecheri
That ye will bestowe it on me
And whan it please you on me to call
My heart is yours bodie and all
Faire Ladye I thanke the — youthe.
On the same wyse ye shall haue me
whan so euer ye please
Riot we tarye longe — Pryde.
We wyl go euen now with a lusty songe — Ryot
In faith I will be rector chorye — Pryde
Go to it then hardely, and let vs be agate — youthe.
Abide felowe a worde with the — Charite
whether go ye tell me
Abyd and here what I shall you tell
And ruled by my counsel
Naye no felowe ne yet mate — Pryde
I trowe thy felow be in Newgate
Shal we tell the wether we go
Nay twis good Jhon a Pepo
who learned the thou miskaught man
To speake so to a gentylman
Thoughe his clothes be neuer so thine
Yet he is come of noble kinne
Though thou giue him suche a mocke
yet he is come of a noble stocke
I let the well to wite
What syr Jhon what say ye — Ryot.
wolde you be fetred nowe
thinke nat to longe I pray you
It maye fortune come some ynowe

ye shall thinke it a lytell scorne

Charite Yet sys let this cease
And let vs talke of goodnes

youthe. He turned his tale he is aferde
But faith he shalbe skerd
He weneth by flatteringe to please vs agayn
But ye laboureth all in vaine

Charite Sir I pray you me not spare
For nothynge I do care
That ye can doe to me.

Ryot. No horeson sayst thou so
Holde him pride and let me go
I shal set a prayze of rynges
That shall sit to his shinnes
And that euen a none.

Pryde. Hye the apace and come againe
And bringe with the a good chaine
To holde him here stil.

Charite Jesu that was borne of Mare mylde
From all euyll he vs shielde
And sende you grace to amende
Or oure lyfe be at an ende
For I tell you trewlye
That ye lyue full wickedlye
I pray God it amende.

Ryot. Lo sys loke what I bringe
Is not this a foly ringinge
By my trouth I trowe it be
I will go wyt of charitie
How sayest thou maister charitie
Dothe this geare please the.

Charite They please me well indede
The more sorowe the more mede
For God sayde whyle he was man

Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter iustitiam
Unto his apostles he sayde so
To teache them howe they shulde do
We shall se how they can please — Pryde
Sit downe sir and take youre ease
Methinke these same were full meete
To go about youre faire feete
By my truthe I you tell — youthe
They wolde become hym very well
therfore hye thatthey were on
Unto the tauerne that we were gone
That shall ye se anone — Ryot
Howe soone they shall be on
And after we wyll not tary longe
But go hence with a mery longe
Let vs begyn all at once — Pryde
Nowe haue at it by cockes bones — youthe
And soone let vs goo
Lo maisters here you maie se before — Charite
that the wede ouergroweth the corne
Nowe maie ye see all in this tide
Howe vice is taken, & vertue set aside
yonder ye maye see youth is not stable
But euermore chaungeable
And the nature of men is fraple
that he wotteth not what may auaile
Vertue for to make
O good Lorde it is a pitifull case
Syth God hath lent me wit ād grace
To chose of good and euyll
that man shulde voluntarilie
To suche thynges hym selfe applye
that hys soule shuld syll
Christ ý was crucified & crowend with thorne — Humilty

And of a virgin for man was borne
Some knoweledge sende to me
Of my brother Charitie

Charite Dere brother Humilitie
ye be welcome vnto me
Where haue ye be so longe

humili. I shall do you to vnderstande
That I haue sayd mine euensonge
But sir I praye you tel me nowe
Howe this case happened to you

Charit: I shall tell you anone
The sclowes that I tolde you on
Haue me thus arayed

Humily Sir I shall vndo the bandes
From your feete and your handes
Sir I praye you tell me anone
Whether they be gone
And when they come againe

Charite Sir to the tauerne they begone
And they wyll come againe anone
And that shall you see

humili. Then wyll we them rhorte
Vnto vertue to resorte. & so forsake sin

Charite I wyll helpe you that I can
To conuert that wicked man

youthe. Abacke galautes and loke vnto me
And take me for your specialll
For I am pramoted to hye degree
By right I am kinge eternall
Neither duke ne lord, Barō ne knight
that mare be likened vnto me
they be subdued to me by ryght
As seruantes to their masters should be

humyli. Ye be welcome to this place here

we thynke ye labour all in vaine
wherefore your braynes we wyll stere
And kele you a lytel againe
Saiest thou my braines thou wylt stere — youthe.
I shall sate the on the eare
were thou borne in trumpyngton
And brought vp at Hogges norton
Bymy faith it semeth so
well go knaue go
Do by our counsell and our rede — Charite
And aske mercie for thy misdede
And endeuer the for goddes sake
For thy sinnes amendes to make
Or euer that thou die
Harke youth for god auowe — Ryot
He wolde haue the a sainte nowe
But youth I shall you tell
A ponge sainte an olde deuyll
Therfore I holde the a foole
And thou folowe his scole
I warrant thee I wyll not do soo — youthe.
I wyll be ruled by you two
Then shall ye do well — Pryde
yf ye be ruled by our counsell
we wyll bringe you to hie degree
And promote you to dignitie
Sir it is a pitifull case — humili.
That ye wolde forsake grace
And to vyce applye
whie knaue dothe it greue thee — youthe.
Thou shalt not answer for me
when my soule hangeth on the hedge once
Then take thou and caste stones
As faste as thou wylte — Cil.

Charite Syr if it please you to do thus
Forsake them and do after vs
The better shall you do
Ryot. Syre he shall do well inowe
Thoughe he be ruled bi neither of you
therfore crake no longer here
Least thou haue on the eare
And that a good knocke
Pryde. Lyghtlye se thou auoyde the place
Or I shall gyue thee on the face
Youth I trowe that he wolde
Make you holy or ye be olde
And I swere by the rode
It is time inoughe to be good
Whan that ye be olde
youthe. Syr by my truthe I the say
I wyll make mery whiles I may
I can not tell you howe longe
Ryot. Ye sir so mote I thryue
Thou art not certaine of thy life
therfore thou were a starke foole
to leue myrth and folowe their scole
humili. Syr I shall hym exhorte
Unto vs to resorte
And you to forsake
Pryde Aske him if he wyll do so
To forsake vs and folowe you two
Nay I warrant you nay
humili. That shall you se euen anone
I will vnto him gone
And se what he wyll saye
Ryot Hardely go on thy waye
I knowe well he will saye naye
youthe. Ye syr by God that me dere bought

Me thinke ye laboure all for nought
Wenest thou that I wyll for thee
Or they brother Charytie
Forsake this good companye
Nay I warrant the Pryde.
No mayster I praye you of that
For anye thinge for sake vs nat
And all oure counsell rule you by
Ye may be Emperour or ye dye
while I haue life in my body youthe.
Shall I be ruled by Riot and the
Sir than shall ye do well Ryot.
For we be true as stele
Syr I can teache you to play at the dice
At the quenes game and at the Fryche
The Treygobet and the hasarde also
And many other games mo
Also at the cardes I can teche you to play
At the triunph and on and thittye
Post, pinion, and also aumsase
And at an other they call dewsace
Yet I can tel you mor & ye wyll con me thanke
Pinke and drinke and also at the blanke
And mane sporte mo
I thanke the Riot so mote I the youthe.
For the counsell thou haste geuen me
I wyll folowe thy minde in euery thinge
And guide me after thy learninge
youth leue that counsell for it is nought Charite
And amende that thou hast myswrought
That thou maist saue that God hath bought
what saie ye master Charite youthe.
what hath God bought for me
By my trouth I knowe not C.iiij.

whether that he goeth in white or blacke
He came neuer at the stues
Nor in no place where I do vse
Iwis he bought not my cap
Nor yet my foolie hat
I wot not what he hath bought for me
And he bought any thinge of myne
I wyll geue hym a quarte of wyne
The nexte tyme I hym meete

Charite Sir this he dyd for the
When thou wast bond he made the fre
And bought the wyth his bloud

youthe Sir I praye you tell me
Howe may this be
That I knowe I was neuer bonde
Vnto none in Englande

Charite Sir I shall tell you
When adam had done greate trespas
And out of paradise exiled was
Then all the soles as I can you tell
Were in ye bondage of the deuyll of hel
Tyll the father of heauen of his greate mercye
Sent the seconde person in Trinitie
Vs for to redeme
And so with his precious blonde
He bought vs on the roode
And our soules dyd saue

Youthe Howe shulde I saue it tell me nowe
And I wyl be ruled after you my soule to saue

Ryot What youth wyll you forsake me
I wyll not forsake thee

humili. I shall tell you shortely
Knele downe and aske God mercie
For that you haue offended

youth wylte thou do so — Pryde
Folowe them and let vs go
Marye I trowe naye
Here all synne I forsake — youthe
And to god I me betake
Good Lord I praie the haue no indignacion
That I a sinner shulde aske saluacion
Nowe thou muste forsake pryde — Charite
And all Riot set aside
I wyll not hym forsake — Pryde
Neither early ne late
I wende he wolde not forsake me
But if it wyll none otherwise bee
I wyll go my waye
Sir I praye God be your spede — youthe
And helpe you at your nede
I am sure thou wylt not forsake me — Ryot
Nor I wyll not forsake thee
I forsak you also — youthe
And wyll not haue with you to do
And I forsake the vtterlye — Ryot
Fie on the cautiftye
Once a promise thou dyd me make
That thou wolde me neuer forsake
But nowe I se it is harde
For to truste the wretched worlde
Fare well masters euerychone
For your synne looke ye morne — Humili
And cuyl creatures loke ye tourne
For your name who maketh inquisicion
Sayd it is good contrition
That for sinne doth morne
Here is a newe araye — Charite
For to walke by the waye

your prayer for to saye

humyli. ¶ Here be bokes for your deuocion
And kepe you from all temptacion
Let no vyce deuoure
Whan ye se misdoing men
Good counsell geue them
And teach them to amende

Youthe. ¶ For my synne I wyll morne
All creatures I wyll turne
And whan I see misdoinge men
Good counsell I shall geue them
And exhorte them to amende

Charite Than shall ye be an heritour of blysse
Where all ioye and myrth is

Youthe. To the whiche eternall
God bringe the persons all
Here beynge Amen.

humili. Thus haue we brought our matter to an ende
Before the persons here present
Wolde euery man be contente
Leaste onother daye we be shente

Charite we thanke all this presente
Of their meeke audience

Humili Jesu that sytteth in heauen so hye
Saue all this faire companye
Men and women that here be
Amen, Amen for charitie.

✣ Finis.

¶ Imprented at London in Lothbury ouer against Sainct Margarytes church by me Wyllyam Copland.

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